

"Good-luck" is another solution that has been given, in the following lines :

When Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
His heart was stern and his spirit dour ;
But amid the tumult raging there,
He breathed one word of heartfelt prayer :
Find " Good," O Lord ! the deeds of those
Who fall before the battle's close ;
May " Luck " for their future lives be won
By those who see to-morrow's sun :
" Good-luck " to the dame with beautiful eyes,
That weeps when a warrior nobly dies.

Our juvenile readers, and perhaps their seniors as well, will find food for thought and ingenuity in the following original riddles. Credit will be given to those who solve any or all successfully.

- (1). My whole, with flowers you may seek,
Or in the flush of maiden's cheek ;
Behead me, I am a machine,
With spinning jennies to be seen.
- (2). My whole each maiden does at night ;
Behead me, and at morning light,
The milk maid does, when cross the field,
She gaily comes with the cows' yield ;
Behead again, and O, the wonder !
I'm torn and I am rent asunder.
- (3). When youth exalted, high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white.
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes graced ;
Till me that tyrant, man espied,
And dragged me from my mother's side,
My skin he flay'd and hair he cropp'd,
And, head and foot, my body lopp'd,
And, with a heart more hard than stone,
He picked the marrow from my bone ;
To vex me more, he took a freak,
To slit my tongue and make me speak—
Riddle me this before next week.